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# NAT PHILLIPS

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Dressing table R. Door L.

Chug ;-(Discovered shaving) Damn! The man that made this razor ought to make good butter knives. Look at it! It's about as much good as a set of false teeth to a sardine! I'll lather again. (Does so, puts brush in pocket of dressing gown-strops razor-cuts it) Look at that! Oh well, we'll have another try. (Shaves-door slams off-he jumps rushes to door and yells) Who the devil is slamming that door? Now I've cut my face! I knew it: that razor is only fit to cut pigskin. Where the devil is the brush? (Finds it in pocket) Who the devil put it there? (Puts down razor-mixes big lather smothers his face with it-crash off-dabs brush in eye-jumps about in rage and yells) Mary! Mary!

Mary ;-(Off) Yes, dear; I'm coming!

Chug ;-(And by the time you get here I shall be blind! Hurry up, woman!

Mary ;-(ENTERS) What is it, darling? Have you been shaving?

Chug ;-(Have I been shaving? Do I look as if I'd been shaving? No, madam I've not been shaving! I've been cutting my corns!

Mary ;-(How funny! And you've cut your face instead. What's the matter?

Chug ;-(Nothing; I'm doing this because it's funny. I like a pound of soap in my eye. I want to be blind-I want to ----

Mary ;-(Never mind, dear. Let me help you! (Wipes his face with <sup>sponge</sup> ~~handker~~)

Chug ;-(What the devil was that crash downstairs? That's what made me do it.

Mary ;-(It was the Drawing room window, dear. You told me to leave it open, and I did so and it slammed too. Shall I put a piece of plaster on your face, dearest?

Chug ;-(Of course, splendid idea! What did you think I'd like on it -boiling lead?

Mary ;-(Well, really, dear, you shouldn't shave yourself-you're so irritable, and---

Chug ;-(Perhaps you'd like to shave me.

Mary ;-(Putting strip of black plaster on his face) All right, dear. Have you packed?

Chug ;-(Have I packed? No, I have not packed! I am not a woman-I don't start packing in June to go for a trip in December. I can pack in three minutes, and not have to take everything out three times to see if my nightgown is at the bottom of the lot. (Has wiped face)

Mary ;-(Of course not, dear-you don't wear nightgowns-Oh! wouldn't you look funny in one! (Laughs)

Chug ;-(Brushing hair) Would I? Have you packed, Madam? That's the point! Are you ready to start in half an hour? Answer me that?



Mary ; -Well, dear, I think I may say----

Chug ; -You think you may say. I dont want a recitation. I asked you a simple question. Are you ready? have you packed?

Mary ; -Yes, dear. I am-and I have

Chug ; -You am and you have. Thou hast-he haveth-they am-and thou art.

Mary ; -Yes, dear. Who art?

Chug ; -Mrs Chugwater, am I a fool?

Mary ; -Now, that is funny-lots of people thinks so, but I dont, dear!

Chug ; -Oh, do they? Well, I'd like to know---

Mary ; -Will you be ready, dear? What's the time? Shall I ring ofr a car? or shall I-----

Chug ; -Any more questions? Where the devil are my collars?(search bottom drawer)I never can find a blessed thing.(Opens all drawers one after another-slams them and shuts finger in one)

Mary ; -They're in the top drawer, dear. Let me get you one.

Chug ; -(Finger in mouth)That's right-get me one-p'raps you'll put it on for me. I'm only an embicile.

Mary ; -Shall I put my hat on? Time's getting short, dear.

Chug ; -Splendid idea! Put your hat on(trying to put collar on)dont wrap it round your feet, or kick it to the station-this collar is made of sheet steel!

Mary ; -But if we miss this train we cannot get another till 4-30 am -that's the mail-then we should have a wait at Cootamundra-and catch the seven thirty on-that means an hours wait-----

Chug ; -Go on, go on! Here am I struggling with an infernal collar-not a thumb nail left-and you tell me all about trains.

Mary ; -But Chuggie, dear, I only said----

Chug ; -Dont call me "Chuggie" it makes me feel like an engine. Why the devil you wanted to go for this trip beats me.

Mary ; -Why, dear, you suggested it, said we must go away for a change.

Chug ; -Did I? Well--Oh, damn it I've dropped my stud!(Gets down on knees)

Mary ; -(Putting on hat)Are you using the glass, dear?

Chug ; -(On floor)Am I using the gl---? Yes, I want to look at the palms of my feet.

Mary ; -(Turning)What are you doing down there, dear?

Sp...



Chug ; -Saying my prayers-anything that brilliant brain of yours can imagine, except looking for my stud.

Mary ; -Have you lost it?

Chug ; -Have I---No! I threw it here on purpose. I know where it is, but I do this to keep my spine supple. Have I lost it? Of course I have!

Mary ; -Dont bother to look for it-use another.

Chug ; -Use another? How many studs do you think I've got. A million? Do you think I buy studs by the ton-like coal?

Mary ; -What? Haven't you got another?

Chug ; -No! ! !

Mary ; -How silly!

Chug ; -Why silly? No man on the face of this earth ever had more than one-I dont suppose the Prince of Wales has more!

Mary ; -Shall I help you look for it?

Chug ; -No. Put on your hat, we've only got <sup>about</sup> a quarter of an hour, now.  
(Crawls about) I'll get housemaids knee or curvature of the spine in a minute.

Mary ; -Perhaps it's rolled under the dressing table?

Chug ; -Perhaps it's rolled on the ceiling.

Mary ; -Have you looked. Let me help. Isn't that it? No, there-near the leg. No, not my leg, the table's.

Chug ; -No it isn't.

Mary ; -Wait a minute-I'll get a light!(Lights candle)

Chug ; -That's it, get a light! I'll tie a knot in the flame and fasten my collar with that.

Mary ; -Can you see it now?

Chug ; -No-I tell you it's lost.

Mary ; -Where did you lose it ?

Chug ; -Where did I L---You'll drive me mad.

Mary ; -Cant you fasten your collar with anything else?

Chug ; -Oh yes. I can glue it round my neck-or nail it to my throat.  
Anything else?

Mary ; -What's that there?

Chug ; -Where?



Mary ;--There! (He dives under table bumps his head) Have you hurt yourself, dear?

Chug ;--No, my head is made for that!

Mary ;--Have you got your stud?

Chug ;--No, it was a pill.

Mary ;--Well I'm sure I don't know where it is. I know we shall miss the train. (All the time she is dropping tallow on Chug's head)

Chug ;--What the hell! What are you doing? (Feels head)

Mary ;--I'm sorry dear, it will come off with a piece of brown paper and a hot iron.

Chug ;--That's right! Cremate me.

Mary ;--Ammonia will take it out. (Goes to dressing table for bottle)  
Why, here's your stud!

Chug ;--Why the devil didn't you say so before? (Clock strikes one-OFF)

Mary ;--Good heavens! It's one o'clock! Your watch is a quarter of an hour slow!

Chug ;--My watch never loses a minute: that clock's wrong! (Takes up watch, looks at it) What have you been doing to it? It's stopped!

Mary ;--I haven't touched it! Did you wind it up last night?

Chug ;--You couldn't remind to do it, could you?

Mary ;--I was asleep when you came in. I waited till two-thirty. You remember you went to a smoke concert, and that accounts for the water jug being empty this morning.

Chug ;--No it doesn't-I got up in the night and had a bath.

Mary ;--Do you think you broke it last night?

Chug ;--Why should I break it?

Mary ;--Only that I found it in your boot this morning.

Chug ;--Of course you did. Why couldn't you leave it there? I put it there to remind me to wind it up.

Mary ;--We shall miss the train.

Chug ;--Oh, will we. Is your luggage ready?

Mary ;--Yes, dear. All except fastening the straps, you said you would do that!

Chug ;--That's right, the last minute and you leave me to do all the work. (Strapping case) Why couldn't you strap this infernal thing before?



Mary ;--(Helping) Oh, I know we shall miss the train!

Chug ;--(Rushing about, turning out drawers, shoving things into case)  
You know, you're a prophet! Dreams delineated-future events  
Foretold-by Mrs Chugwater. All you want is a black cat and a  
Swastika and they'll think you're Old Moore's Almanac!

Mary ;--Shall I help you dear?

Chug ;--No! Go and play "Ours is a happy home" on the piano. This is all  
your fault! Can't leave me alone to dress and pack quietly.  
You couldn't pack a few things ~~man~~ last night, for an overworked  
tired man who needs rest.

Mary ;--You wouldn't let me.

Chug ;--Oh, I've got plenty of time, go and get a car, perhaps you'll do that

Mary ;--All right, dear. I'll send a taxi man up for the luggage, and we  
can follow in another car. (EXIT)

Chug ;--Why they don't make these things bigger beats me. (Trying to stuff  
clothes into case.) Where's my shoes? Shirts? Have I packed my  
Pyjamas? (Empties case too see) Yes-they are at the bottom.

Man ;--(ENTERS) Ready sir?

Chug ;--Oh here you are, yes all ready take this, (Man takes case, moves to  
door, but Dressing gown is caught in case and Chug is pulled over)  
Whatever you do don't miss that train, drive like the devil and  
book the things on. (Bus till man has all luggage off) Where's  
my tie. (Goes to window-or door) (There he goes like the duece,  
that's good, he'll get there in time.

Mary ;--(ENTERS) Come on, dear. The driver says he can just do it. I've  
picked out a good car.

Chug ;--(Rushing about) Of course you would, you're a judge. (Trips)  
Damn it! I've a good mind not to go. I've stood as much as I  
can and----

Mary ;--(Altering) And so have I, John Chugwater, and I'll stand no more.  
You're an idiot! Do you hear? A blithering blustering idiot!  
You came home sozzled last night and have bullied me all day,  
and I'm fed up.

Chug ;--Mary! How dare you----

Mary ;--Oh, shut up! I'm a good tempered woman but I won't stand any more  
of your bullying.

Chug ;--What do you mean?

Mary ;--What I say. All you want is a little respect for your wife, and a  
good thrashing to make you a man.

Chug ;--Well, I'm----

Mary ;--Well, that's alright, dear-I've got it off my chest, as they say.  
Come on, hurry up, and let's push off.



Chug ;--Yes, Mary, my dear, certainly. (hurries about) I do wish we were 'nt going after all.

Mary ;--So do I. I never wanted to go. But perhaps it will do you good. (Aside) I think it has. (Aloud) Come on, dear, quick-you are ready ?

Chug ;--(Putting on hat) Yes, dear, quite ready.

Mary ;--You cant go like that-take off your dressing gown.

Chug ;--(Going to do so then stops) Mary 'mam Mary! We cant go!

Mary ;--Cant go-why?

Chug Because-because-

Mary ;--Because what?

Chug ;--I've packed up my trousers!

Mary falls on chair laughing. Chug collapses into chair.

CURTAIN.